

SUNDAY READING.

"GIVE HIM A CHANCE."

Poor soul! he is down at the foot of the hill,
And despairing, we see at a glance;
Beset with temptation, surrounded by sin—
Don't spurn him! Just give him a chance.

Were you in his place, and tempted as he,
You might be as bad even worse;
Then give him your hand, and a blessing be-
sides,
Instead of a kick or a curse!

So hunted, so branded, by merciless man,
No wonder he eyes you askance!
No wonder he thinks you are like all the rest,
Be merciful! Give him a chance!

He is "somebody's son" in childhood, per-
haps,
He shared a fond mother's caress—
Oh, give him a lift, a kind cheerful word,
You surely can do nothing less!

To exercise charity, Christ-like, to him,
Will only your pleasure enhance;
Then as you hope for mercy from Heaven
above,
Have mercy, and give him a chance!

The Midnight Supper.

A MARRIED woman became an ex-
emplary Christian, but her husband
was a lover of sinful pleasure. When
spending an evening, as usual, with his
jovial companions, at a tavern the conver-
sation happened to turn on the excellen-
cies and faults of their wives; the hus-
band just mentioned pronounced the
highest encomiums on his wife, saying
she was all that was excellent, only she
was a Methodist. "Notwithstanding
which," said he, "such is the command
which she has of her temper that were
I to take you, gentlemen, home with me
at midnight, and order her to rise and
get you a supper, she would be all sub-
mission and cheerfulness."

The company regarded this merely as
a vain boast, and dared him to make the
experiment by a considerable wager.
The bargain was made, and about mid-
night the company adjourned, as proposed.
Being admitted, "Where is your mis-
tress?" said the husband to the maid-
servant who sat up for him.

"She is gone to bed, sir."
"Call her up," said he. "Tell her I
have brought some friends with me, and
that I desire she would get up and prepare
them a supper."

The good woman obeyed the unreason-
able summons; dressed, came down re-
ceived the guests with perfect civility,
and told them she happened to have some
chickens ready cooked, and that supper
should be got as soon as possible. It was
accordingly served up, when she perform-
ed the honors of the table with as much
cheerfulness as if she had expected com-
pany at the proper season.

After supper, the guests could not re-
frain from expressing their astonishment.
One of them particularly, more sober than
the rest, thus addressed himself to the
lady; "Madam," said he, "your civility
fills us with astonishment. Our unreason-
able visit is the consequence of a wager,
which we have certainly lost. As you
are a very religious person, and cannot
therefore approve of our conduct, give me
leave to ask, what can possibly induce
you to behave with so much kindness to
us?"

"Sir," replied she, "when I married
my husband and myself were both un-
converted; it has pleased God to call me
out of that dangerous condition. My
husband continues in it. I tremble for
his future state. Were he to die as he
is, he must be miserable forever; I think
it, therefore, my duty to do all I can to
make him as happy as possible in this
life."

This wise and faithful reply affected the
whole company. It left a deep impres-
sion on the husband's mind. "Do you
my dear," said he, "really think I should
be eternally miserable? I thank you
for the warning. By the grace of God
I will change my conduct." From that
time he became another man, a serious
Christian, and consequently a good hus-
band.

Omniscience.

Lafayette, the friend and ally of
Washington, was in his youth confined
in a French dungeon, in the door of his
cell there was cut a small hole just big
enough for a man's eye; at that hole a
sentinel was placed, whose duty it was to
watch moment by moment till he was re-
lieved by the change of guard. All he
could see was the twinkling, but the eye
was always there; look when he would it
met his gaze. In his dreams he was
conscious it was staring at him. "Oh,"
he says, "it was horrible; there was no
escape; when he lay down and when he
rose up, when he ate, and when he read
that eye searched him." So God's eye is
upon each of us, from the very first breath
that we draw to the very last.

The Trials of Courtship.

TWO friends—we'll call them Tom
and Dick—went a few nights since
to call on a couple of damsels who reside
with their mother in the southern part of
Erie city. The old lady is slightly deaf
and the girls somewhat roguish. The
two gentlemen were graciously received
by the old lady who formed a fifth in the
social circle. Ordinary bedtime came
and the gentleman professed to leave,
the maids showing them to the door.
But this was only a ruse to get the old
lady to bed. The front door was opened
and shut, and the girls returned to the
dining-room, the two beaux having been
slipped into the front parlor and left
there in the dark. It was supposed, of
course, that the slighted deaf old lady
would soon be in the land of Nod, but
she took a sudden whim to go and sit in
the parlor for awhile, and taking up a
light, started for that place. Dick and
Tom had been anxious listeners and
watchers, and now saw the old lady ap-
proaching with a lamp. As she passed
into the hall, of course their only means
of escape was cut off. Dick made a dive
behind a lounge that stood out a few
inches from the wall—the framework was
too low for him to crawl under—and
Tom, finding no other place, wedged
himself in on top of Dick. The old lady
set the lamp on the bureau, took up a book,
and deliberately seating herself on the
lounge, began to read. The feelings of
the two nice young men behind the
lounge may be better imagined than de-
scribed. Tom was in dread of imme-
diate detection, while Dick dreaded
smothering. He was so frightfully cramped
that he was getting reckless as to conse-
quences, and in a muffled voice, that
only the old lady's deafness prevented
her from noticing, numbled to Tom.
"Kick the lounge over, blow the lamp
out, and let's jump through the window."

As Dick was squirming in a way that
boded a sudden expose for Tom it is
probable that the latter would have taken
his advice to the letter, but for the in-
terposition of the quick-witted girls.

At first, expecting the cat was out of
the bag they had kept back, ready to take
the storm of reproach they could not
avoid; but hearing no noise after the old
lady entered, they went to see what had
become of the gallants. Two pair of
boots and a foot or so of pantaloons were
visible from the door, and the girls, mak-
ing some commonplace remarks to their
mother, went away laughing loudly.
"Phancy the phelinks" of the chaps be-
hind the lounge. But in a few seconds
there came a shout from the wood shed,
where the girls were, saying their lamp
had blown out, and asking "mother" to
come with hers. The boys heard them
plainly, and even smothering Dick stopped
his mutterings and threatening. The
good old lady arose, wiped her specks and
folded them away, and bidding the girls
not to be frightened, went with the lamp
to their aid. It would be superfluous to
say that the lounging boys didn't lounge
just there much longer. They unlocked
the front door as quietly as they could
and slid out without even bidding the
young ladies good night. It was well
they did for in less than three minutes
the old lady was seated on the lounge
again perusing her book.

None of Your Little Nubbins.

The long drouth has reminded a con-
temporary of a story told of a Methodist
brother at an Ohio Conference, some
years ago. There was a great drouth,
and the corn crop in particular was suf-
fering for rain. Father B—believed
in prayer, and invoked relief without fur-
ther delay. He prayed for rain, and for
abundant crops, especially of corn, say-
ing:

"And now, O Lord, give us a big crop
of corn this year. None of yer little
nubbins now, O Lord, but great big ears,
as long as yer arm—ah!"
It rained powerfully that very night.

As a polite omnibus agent of the
Lexington and Louisville railroad was go-
ing through the ladies' car, checking bag-
gage, he asked a pretty young lady if she
had any baggage she wished taken to the
hotels. She replied:

"No sir."
The agent then asked her if she desired
a bus.
She instantly gave him a sweet smile,
and replied:

"No, I'm not in a bussing humor this
evening."
The agent dropped his memorandum
book, hastily retreated to the baggage
car, and said he felt unwell.

How Billy Raised a Muss.

A PHYSICIAN prescribed "country
air and sea-bathing for the delicate
Mrs. Blobs; so that the Rev. B. sent his
affectionate wife and Billy to long Branch.
The reverend gentleman told little Bill
to write to him as soon as they were set-
tled there. Truthful Billy sent the fol-
lowing epistle, without bothering his ma
to read it first:

"DEAR DADDY: It's awful nice here in
the country, and me and ma are having
such jolly times. I think the nicest place
in the world is a watering place, don't you,
daddy? At first I felt awful lonesome with-
out you, and says to dear ma:

"When is pa coming from the city ma?"
"Never, I hope, Billy," says she, "your
father's such a dry old stick, and we are
much better off without him."

"Oh, daddy! you wouldn't know ma
now if you hadn't seen her before—she's
looking so well and young. She has taken
to wearing such lots of hair and fine things
and our maid Sally, says she doesn't look
older than many a gal of seventeen. Ma's
got a real splendid beau too, with such
moustaches and whiskers! Ma calls him
Charley. I call him a brick because he
gives me such heaps of candy. Sally says
he's the beautifullest gentleman she ever
saw."

"The waiter fellows here are bully boys,
pap, and I get no end of stale tarts, pie
and pound cake, besides bottled ale and
tobacco. They are teaching me to play
cuchre, too, and I think it's real nice game.
Ma has no time to look after me; she's so
taken up with dressing, dancing, and dear
Mr. Charley."

"Oh, pa! I want to see you awful bad,
but don't come yet; it would make ma so
hoping mad. Please write soon and don't
forget to send me plenty of pocket money.
A fellow can't do without 'tin' here.
Your affectionate son.

BILLY."

Billy's letter was accompanied by one
from Mrs. Blobs, which read "thusly;":

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND: My health is
a little better, thank the Lord, and I begin
to enjoy the Sabbath like peace of this
place. I miss you very much, and my
thoughts are often with you; but, for the
sake of your flock, I will not ask you join
me at present. Dear little Billy and the
Bible are my usual companions, though
when I seek it, I find a good deal of religious
society here. Are you lonely without me,
dear husband? I hope not, for the fresh
invigorating air here is doing me more good
than medicine, and if I could remain until
September, I believe I might be restored to
my former health and strength. Give
my fondest love to the dear sisters of our
church, and tell them I remember them
all in my prayers. I read your soul-stirring
sermon in Monday's Inquirer. It filled my
heart with peace and comfort."

"With love and many kisses, I bid you
adieu. Will write soon again. Our Billy
sends a note, which you will receive with
this. Your loving wife,

LUCY BLOBS."

Mr. Blobs, in a state more easily im-
agined than described, left for long
Branch immediately after reading the
above epistle. How Mrs. Blobs received
her indignant lord and master, we don't
know, but he brought her back to Goth-
am. Last Sunday she sat in her old pew
at church, looking very meek and sorrow-
ful. Mr. Blobs, preached a very elo-
quent sermon taking for his text the
following:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For
her price is far above rubies."—*New
York Paper.*

A Curious Question.

A correspondent inquires: "Suppose a
man and a girl were to get married: the
man is thirty-five years old, and the girl
five years: this makes the man seven
times as old as the girl; and they live
together until the girl is ten years old;
this makes the man forty years old, and
four times as old as the girl; and they
still live until she is fifteen, the man
would be forty-five, and this makes him
three times as old; and they still live un-
til she is fifteen, the man would be forty-
five, and this makes him three times as
old; and they still live on till the man is
twice as old, and so on. Now, how long
would they have to live to make the girl
as old as the man, at the same rate of
reason?"

When Judge Howell was at the
bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on a suit,
to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his
hat, "Coput Vacuum" (empty head.)
The hat circulated about, exciting a
smile on every countenance except that
of the owner, who deliberately took it
up and repeated the words, and well
knowing the author, addressed the Chief
Justice as follows:—"May it please your
lordship, I ask protection,"—holding up
his hat; "for I find that Brother Burgess
has written his name in my hat, and I
have reasons to believe he intends to
make off with it."

Sometimes I read a book with
pleasure, and detest the author.

A Curious Incident.

WHO can say, after reading this lit-
tle story, that truth is not nearly
as strange as fiction:

A young man a mechanic by trade,
passed the evening in Brooklyn, about
six weeks ago, and was returning to New
York on the ferry boat at twelve; ninety-
nine out of every one hundred persons
always rush directly through a boat to
the end nearest their destination, but this
youth remained on the after part till it
touched the dock, when he passed through
the ladies' sitting-room and observed on
a seat a lady's satchel and umbrella—
Every one was hastening off the boat;
there were but three or four ladies in the
whole party, so the young man seized the
satchel and umbrella and hurried after
the receding passengers. Holding both
articles aloft, he hurriedly questioned
several people. To none of those be-
longed the property he had taken posses-
sion of.

After waiting about the ferry house
some time he took the captured articles
home. Of course he expected that they
would be speedily advertised, for the
satchel, which was locked, and the um-
brella, were well worth some reward. But
day after day passed—no advertisement
appeared and he procured a key and
opened a little bag, which contained
\$1000 in government bonds, (unregister-
ed), a portemonnaie holding \$100 in cur-
rency, a splendid gold watch and chain,
containing an elderly man's portrait, a
locket, a slip of paper, and having thereon
in a female hand written these words: "I
have waited and waited; you do not come
and I have ceased to hope. E. P." Upon
a marginal piece of some foreign newspa-
per was the name of a hotel in New York
that does not exist. The young man
consulted headquarters, and he went
daily to the Morgue for some female to
come ashore, but now two months have
gone by, and no trace of the owner has
been found.

It is only by one of three suppositions
this mysterious satchel can be accounted
for. Either murder, suicide, or sudden
insanity has overtaken the unfortunate
owner. In the meantime the custodian
of the unexpected fortune is half out of
his wits with the embarrassment that be-
sets his position.

You're Welcome.

A countryman at the theatre the other
night, as the escort of some ladies, retired
at an intermission and returned with a
pound or two of peanuts wrapped in a
paper, and two huge bananas sticking
from his pocket. Just, then, however,
and before he had time to take his seat,
one of the actresses who had won his ad-
miration, came to the footlights and
warbled a beautiful melody. The full,
rich voice, exquisite intonation and
breathing strains almost divine, capti-
vated the countryman's heart, and unable
to restrain his delight, he heaved on
the stage his peanuts, bananas and pocket-
handkerchief as a tribute to the fair en-
chantress. There was a momentary as-
tonishment visible on the face on the
stage, a single interval of hesitation,
which was removed by the countryman's
voice full and clear, "Take 'em, gal, by
jingo; you're welcome."

At Reese river, California, a mild-
looking, rather old man was holding
forth on the necessity of orthodox reli-
gious belief founded on the Bible, in the
course of which he condemned the foolish
superstitions of a certain religious body.
He spoke of a tradition that existed in
Switzerland, and which was devoutly be-
lieved by the simple people, of church-
es being built in a night by angels, which
he said appeared too absurd for human
belief. As he finished a tall, dust-cover-
ed bushwacker, who had listened to him
attentively, took of his battered hat and
flung it on the ground, and asked in a
thundering voice: "You don't believe
in the story of angels building churches,
don't you? Well, now, what do you
think of that yarn of Master Samson's
sloshing about the country upsettin'
meetin' houses?"

Two gentleman, of opposite poli-
tics, meeting, one inquired the address
of some political celebrity, when the other
indignantly answered—

"I am proud to say, sir that I am
wholly ignorant of it."

"O! you are proud of your ignorance,
eh, sir?"

"Yes I am," replied the belligerent
gentleman, "and what then sir?"

"O! nothing, sir, nothing; only you
have a great deal to be proud of, that's
all."

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suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of
Deception County for money due on lands in Perry
County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of
lands, call on or address

S. H. GALBRAITH,
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,
Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.